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THE WEATHER.—The official forecast for to-day is for thunderstorms, severe in some localities and generally cooler temperature.

THE SAVAGE IN CIVILIZATION.—The duel between Prince Henri and a representative of Italian courage and sensitiveness brings into high relief the essential absurdity of private battle. Henri expressed an unpleasant opinion of the pluck and skill of the Italian army that came to grief in Abyssinia. Instead of being called on to furnish facts to substantiate his opinion or leave himself convicted of slander, he was invited to fight. Now that the duel has taken place, what has been proved? Merely, of course, that Henri is not so good a swordsman as his antagonist. The question over which the quarrel has arisen remains precisely where it was. The medieval trial by battle follows the logic by which miracles were wont to be verified—that is, by furnishing overwhelming proof of something else.

Yet as true logic has but small effect among the influences which combine to actuate human conduct, the upholders of the code duello are not without practical arguments in behalf of their obsolescent institution. It is well, they contend, that men should have impressed upon them a consciousness of personal responsibility for their words and actions. The knowledge that if either offend, one may be summoned to face a pistol's muzzle or a sword's point unquestionably begets prudence and courtesy. And so long as men are so constituted that they will fight, it is better that they should fight according to rule and with ceremony and dignity than to turn loose their revolvers at one another on the spur of the passionate moment on the public streets, to the great peril of innocent bystanders, as is the modern American custom.

If we in this industrial republic have arrived at that higher conception of life which excludes the duel, scorns abstractions and gives business the first place, let us not be too severe in our contempt for the more laggard European nations which cling to the old military notions of honor and fight on a punctilio which has not the remotest connection with money. It is humbling and salutary for us to remember that duelling has gone out of fashion among ourselves only within the last half century, and later than that in the South and West. Moreover, however unreasonable and theatrical and silly duelling may seem to our present businesslike common sense, it does call for certain manly qualities to front an enemy who is shooting or thrusting with the serious purpose of removing you from the earth; that, in short, it is much easier and safer and more comfortable to laugh at duels than to fight them—and this is true even of French duels, which are still occasionally fatal.

THE FARMER IN POLITICS.

If the American farmer reads many metropolitan newspapers he must believe himself either a much misunderstood man or a drivelling idiot. The farmer has cherished certain political ideas in his day, ranging all the way from abolition to populism. Certainly, when a conviction seized upon him it possessed him more fully than was usual among the more cynical people of cities. The farmers fired the first shots of the American Revolution; farmers, too, in Kansas and Missouri, contending each for what they thought right, brought on an actual condition of civil war before the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter.

Latterly there has been an inclination to deny to the farmer those qualities of sincerity and conscientiousness which—except in comparatively few localities—have characterized his political acts. His convictions are asserted to be dependent wholly on the price his produce fetches. His political friends equally with his political foes take this view of his principles. On the one hand we are told that dear wheat will make the farmer so independent that he cannot be bribed or coerced, as it is said he was in the last election; on the other we are assured that high prices for farm produce mean that the farmers will forget all their recent political affiliations and return to the safe haven of the Republican party, where, almost from time immemorial, they have rested.

It is a sorry thing that there are politicians and newspapers so shallow and so cynical as to hold the political beliefs of the yeomanry of the United States the creation merely of their pecuniary needs. It would be sorer if it were true, for of the 22,000,000 people engaged in gainful occupations as enumerated by the last census more than 8,000,000 are employed in farming and its allied callings. That is a considerable factor in our political problem to be left subject to whims of nature aided by the plots of trusts, speculators and forestallers of markets.

A BELATED CONNECTICUT BROTHER.

The Rev. Otto Duessel, pastor of a Lutheran church at Waterbury, Connecticut, has attained to momentary conspicuousness by urging the members of his congregation to give up their life insurance policies, the same being, in his estimation, highly impious. His counsel has been reverently followed by a large number of his flock. The pastor holds that, according to a strict interpretation of the Scriptures, it is sinful to distrust God's promise that "He will provide."

Brother Duessel is being laughed at, of course. It is the way of each generation to be confident in its own superior wisdom and to be unable to comprehend how men of sense could believe as their forerunners believed in some matters. This Waterbury preacher is no innovating crank, any more than is Brother Jasper, of Richmond, who finds in the Scriptures that the sun do move. Once all the world thought the same thing, making the error of supposing fallible interpretation of Divine revelation to be Divine revelation itself. And it is not so very long ago that Brother Duessel, instead of standing forth in ridiculous singularity, would have been in very numerous and respectable clerical company. Men now gray can recall very well when many pulpits rang with denunciation of taking thought for the morrow by life insurance. It is not impossible that there may yet be surviving somewhere a preacher who deems the use of anesthetics a clear evasion of the Creator's law of pain. We doubt if Brother Duessel feels quite easy in his mind on this point. There are texts that cannot but trouble his enlightened mind and sensitive conscience.

All students of human history know how necessary and useful is the conservative element in applying the brake to the forces of progress, which else in their impetuous haste would carry the world on to a smash-up. Fortunately the clergy have ever represented this prudent dislike of change. The pulpits which in the days of Elizabeth condemned the introduction of the fork to England from Italy, prophesying that the wrath of heaven would not be arrested from a people given over to luxury and effeminacy, did not exist wholly in vain.

The mistake made by Brother Duessel, Brother Jasper and their conservative kind is not in evincing too pro-

found a faith in the letter of the Scriptures, but in forgetting that their Maker reveals Himself in more than one way. His works are of at least equal authority with His Word. If Brother Jasper thinks he finds it stated in Scripture that the sun moves round the earth and he then has it proved to him that the Almighty has, on the contrary, so arranged the solar system that the earth goes round the sun, modestly should suggest to Brother Jasper that his reading of Scripture is incorrect. Similarly, if Brother Duessel will look around him he will see many people in want, some starving to death, and suffering nearly always afflicting the heirs of the improvident, though the absence of provision may have been due to the most pious intention, the most beautiful faith in supposed promises. Seeing these things, Brother Duessel should doubt his confidence to declare precisely the extent to which the assurance that the Lord will provide is meant to be understood.

One of the happiest signs of progress is the diffidence which the educated pupil in our time has acquired as to its ability to proclaim with inerrant exactitude the Divine will. So very many mistakes in interpretation have been made and corrected by the irrefragable facts ascertained by investigating science that dogmatism in a clergyman has become rather a mark of ignorance than of knowledge. The sincerity of Brother Duessel is entitled to respect, of course, but it is to be regretted that it works practical harm to others. Those of his flock who have surrendered their life insurance policies should read their Bibles for themselves, without their pastor's old-fashioned spectacles, consult their common sense and renew their provision for wife and children against the day when the bread winner shall be gone.

GENERAL COLLIS'S OPTIMISM.

"I have determined," says Commissioner Collis, in answer to the Fifth Avenue merchants who are weary of seeing that street more difficult to travel than the Chilkoot Pass, "that when this fine avenue is repaved with a smooth and noiseless pavement from the Washington Arch to the Harlem it shall not be opened within the next decade for the repair of leaks."

General Collis is to be congratulated upon his determination, even if we marvel at his optimism. Hitherto in the matter of saving costly street pavements from mutilation city officials may indeed have proposed, but corporation managers have disposed. Nor beyond announcing his stern determination do we see that Commissioner Collis has done anything to save the future pavement of Fifth Avenue from the pick of the gas man, the telephone man or the other corporation servants who find the substrata of New York's best paved streets a richer field for delving than the Klondyke.

If the Commissioner could point out that as a result of his long occupation of Fifth Avenue to the exclusion of everything except steam drills and everybody but navvies the network of pipes in that thoroughfare would hereafter be accessible without tearing up the pavement, property owners would rise and call him blessed. But he has left the scientific management of underground conduits as far from accomplishment as ever.

A BENEFACTOR OF THE RACE.

It is an industrial age, but the old ideals still have the sap of vigorous life in them. A more useful thing than the lucifer match does not enter into daily affairs. Thanks to it fire is so conveniently obtained that the world has forgotten that fire ever was troublesome to get. The match has banished that cumbersome nuisance of our grandfathers the tinder box and flint, made unnecessary the banked fire on hearth and in stove, and driven from the early morning landscape the shovel-bearing borrower of live coals. Fancy the disappearance of the match and you get at once from the picture of multitudinous annoyances the measure of the little stick's large place in our life. Yet how many of the millions that have been born to matches, consumed them by the hundred thousand without thought but to their immense advantage in the saving of time and otherwise, know the name of the inventor of this blessing to the race? He had to die the other day in order to become known. It was news to all but one in a multitude that Sir Isaac Holden, who expired on the 13th instant in England, was the originator of the lucifer.

We all are ready to admit that an inventor is of infinitely more service to mankind than a successful soldier, yet it is to the killer of his kind that we still give the broadest fame, to whom we erect statues and accord precedence in history. We are military at heart, notwithstanding our machines and piling up of money. From the inventor, the bestower of benefits, we accept almost thanklessly what he has to contribute to the common good and pay him, if he is, a sufficiently clever business man to compel us to disgorge.

Nevertheless, if Sir Isaac Holden has no other monument than the lucifer match, it is agreeable to learn that he did not go without recompense. He died at ninety, in his own baronial hall. And to be a baronet in England during life is a very pleasant fate indeed, preferable to the judicious to being set up in bronze and marble after death.

Senator Gray's desire to co-operate with England in administering a thrashing to the other European nations is the most advanced piece of jingoism on record. However, Senator Gray will have a real nice time during his stay in England.

President McKinley appears to think considerable of the Vermont people, and well he may. Vermont was the first New England State to locate the solar plexus of the Reed Presidential boom and take advantage of the discovery.

The Chicago divorce lawyers will doubtless contribute handsomely to a fund to have that prize bismarck prosecuted. The Chicago divorce lawyers are sadly in need of a horrible example in their business.

That Oswego lad whose father stripped him, gave him a severe trouncing and then compelled him to sit for an hour on a block of salt now has a very vivid idea of the smart set.

It will be hard work and at times quite embarrassing, but the McKinley Administration will endeavor to keep John Sherman in his present position until after the Ohio election.

It must be conceded that the esteemed World has the best Klondyke news service that can be obtained at Groversville, Utica and other up State points.

Sam Jones continues to pose as the advance agent of the millennium, but the old-fashioned idea that St. Peter has charge of the turnstile prevails.

It appears that Mark Hanna captured the convention of the Ohio Populists in the fourteenth round just as the police were about to interfere.

A Baltimore man was found dead with a copy of the Congressional Record in his hand. The intelligent corner didn't deem an inquest necessary.

By concentrating their comments on Senator Gorman the Maryland Republicans may be able to forget their own Senator Wellington.

A Kentucky colonel was shot and killed at a circus the other day, thus giving the spectators two performances for one admission.

The gentlemen who have challenged Prince Henri of Orleans might organize a syndicate and run up the price of satisfaction.

Spain's Hope of Victory and Vengeance.

DON JUAN FERNANDEZ MENDEZ Y SAP Y OLLO was a haughty Spanish grandee of the deepest dye. He hated, loathed and abhorred everything that was not strictly Spanish. He was terribly patriotic. He gritted his teeth when Cuba was mentioned, swore under his breath at the slightest reference to the Philippine Islands and sneered savagely at los Estados Unidos de America.

"Shop-keeping pigs!" he called us in choice Castilian accents and with a novel accentuation of ideas. Oh, how satirical and biting he was! Garambo!

No American would have been safe in the neighborhood of Don Juan Fernandez Mendez y Sap y Ollo, for he would have been stabbed in the back by one of the grandee's minions, and his watch and chain and loose cash would have been appropriated by the revenge of a man with proud Spanish blood running through his veins is a fearsome thing.

"Spanish liquorice!" he would mutter to himself, occasionally. "How I hate the Americans! Carajo! Sacramento! Madre de Dios! Zinfandino!"

His cursing was fearful. Indeed, his valet was wont to say that the way the Don made the Spanish fly was a caution, but low souls are given off to base rivalry.

Don Juan Fernandez Mendez y Sap y Ollo bent his mind on his consuming hatred of the Yankees and yearned to wipe us off the face of the earth. Yes, he was terribly patriotic. He determined to visit us in person; also in disguise.

"Gracias, señor! Thanks! Hi, hi! O la Ping, ping!" The swarthy foreigner placed the two-dollar bill in his pocket with a wicked leer, and the New York business man took the box of cigars. The New Yorker chuckled to himself as he thought how cheaply he had secured the choice perfectos, which the refugee confided were smuggled ones. That night he smoked one. Ten minutes later he was a corpse.

When Don Juan Fernandez Mendez y Sap y Ollo returned to his haughty Spanish shores he made instantly for Madrid. He was closeted quickly with the Premier.

"Fifty million dollars in two-dollar bills!" he shouted, for the shrews of war with the shop-keeping pigs, and half of the pigs dead already with the Connecticut wrapper cigars I sold 'em for smuggled Cuban goods! Ha, ha!"

So let us all take warning, and not defy an enemy whose blow is fatal, and whose hatred is like unto a pestilence.

DAVID H. DODGE.

Talk of the Literary Shop.

SIR ROBERT PEELE'S story, "A Bit of a Fool," is bound to attract a certain amount of attention, partly because it is the work of a man who bears not only a title, but an honored one as well, and partly because it deals with London society. To be sure, the strata of London society in which its scenes are laid are distinctly shady ones, but in them we encounter a number of people with high-sounding names, and so we ought to be satisfied. The hero of this story is a young Englishman of wealth, and his career, as described by Sir Robert Peel, is one that more than justifies the author's characterization of it. If he had been an American he would probably have been characterized as a Particular, Everlasting Dam Fool from the Headquarters of Crook Creek, but it seems that his astuteness is not regarded in England as of such a remarkable variety.

From the moment that he leaves school until that in which he falls under the influence of the eminently good and proper young woman who becomes his wife, Horace, as the hero is called, seems to associate entirely with people of the sort known in the language of the ungodly as "leg-pullers," and our only wonder is when we lay the volume aside that his limbs had not long ago been pulled out from their sockets. Of course he falls in with a young lady with dramatic aspirations—a young lady of that variety are always lying in wait for just such fools as Horace—and, of course, he helps her to get on the stage and eventually supplies the funds for her starring tour. Encouraged by his kindly intentions, the young actress proceeds to bleed him in a way that would make upper Broadway green with envy were the true facts made known in that region of affectionate extortion, but then it will be a long while before upper Broadway can hope to secure such a ripe plum as Horace. About the time that the actress obtains a tight grip on one of Horace's ankles, the other is seized in the firm clutch of a certain Mrs. St. John Elliot, of whom the hero says:

"She fascinated me with a power quite different from that which Nellie (the young actress who is working at the other foot) exerted. Nellie was, to my mind, a mere simplicity; Mrs. St. John Elliot complexity. It was strawberry jam against caviar."

This lady is the wife of a member of Parliament, and she seems to have made a special study of the art of getting money out of people. Nellie secures advances on some sort of tangible proposition, but Mrs. St. John Elliot not only declines to offer any reason for her demands upon Horace's pocket, but even neglects to tell what she is going to do with the spoils. It must be said of her, however, that she possesses the excellent trait of remembering her friends in the moment of prosperity, and realizing that she has got hold of what is known as "a good thing," she calls in her trusty companion, Captain Abinger, in order that he may have a share in her good fortune. From the description of this character it is plain to see that he is a well-conducted military vulture of the sort that at one time enjoyed a certain vogue in New York, but who have been shunned of late years like the plague.

There is no picture printed of the Captain, but I know what he looks like. He has a shiny face, of a purple shade over the cheek bones, a greasy leer of joviality, and a swooping mustache of the kind worn by British military brats. The Captain is introduced to the hero's sister, falls in love with her, and aided and abetted by Mrs. St. John Elliot induces her to marry him, and the game of feeding goes on more briskly and merrily than ever.

The story that Sir Robert Peel tells of this wretched young man is not worth repeating. He has not even made it funny or entertaining, and when we come to the end it is with a feeling of contempt and disgust for author as well as hero. It is not worth our while to follow Horace's course from one scene of folly to another, because there is nothing interesting or enjoyable in the way in which his pockets are picked on the turf, at Monte Carlo, in the money lender's den and in other places that seem to possess an irresistible attraction for young fools of his kind. It is true that he marries a good girl in the final chapter, but even that act only adds to our disgust, for we feel that he does not deserve her, and that she deserves a far better man for a husband.

By some strange trick of fortune a little book called "Three Girls and Especially One," fell into my hands at the very moment that I had finished "A Bit of a Fool." It is a book of a kind that we seldom hear much about and one that certainly would not appeal to anybody who could find entertainment in the vulgar knavery and folly chrouched by the English baronet. It is a story for children, and was intended, I should judge, for Catholic Sunday schools, though the religious portions of it are not of a sectarian sort, and would not awaken the prejudice of even the most confirmed

The Wonderful Story of a Westchester Wizard.

"LET me see!" quoth Edgar Gibbs Murphy, in tones of meditative interrogation; "let me see! I've told you gentlemen of the two rich but ignorant mining persons who, while 'doling' New York and much impressed by the idea of high prices and unable to decipher the French of the bill of fare, desperately ordered \$50 worth of ham and eggs at Delmonico's—I told you that yarn, didn't I?"

"You did," replied Mr. Follansbee, with a firm emphasis that left nothing in doubt. "Yes, Edgar, you've told us that ham and egg romance many times."

"That being the case," rejoined Mr. Murphy, "I will now regale you with an incident of my earliest youth. It made a weird impression on me at the time, and even to-day it seems as I recall it mysterious to the point of eerie."

"It concerns the doings of a magician," continued Mr. Murphy, "who invaded Westchester County back when I was the merest slip of a child. I do not recall this wizard's name, but it is enough to say that he 'billed' the village, and announced in large, dark type that a week from the following Saturday he would unfold such black art marvels at the town hall as would drive everybody crazy who was fortunate enough to behold him."

"I remember, too, that I wanted vastly to be present while this wizard did these wonders. And, for that matter, I intended to be there. In this last resolve, however, I was to be disappointed, as you shall hear. As all turned out, there was no show; albeit that necromancer just the same performed a trick which was the best I ever witnessed."

"It came about in this fashion. The head men of the hamlet objected to the coming exhibition. They read the bills and decided that no man could possibly perform the dizzy exploits there set forth without the aid of Satan. This they would not abide. No man, showman or layman, could invade our village and give an exhibition of sulphurous magic with the devil as his silent partner. Thereupon the head men aforesaid decided that the show could not come off."

"On the Saturday set for the entertainment the wizard came to town and put up at the tavern. Those local leading spirits who had decided that he couldn't go forward with his show, waited on him. They cut it short. They briefly explained to him that, having read his announcements and believing them, and laying, as they did, particular stress on the photo-gravure of Satan which with the posters were embellished, they were prepared to inform him that he couldn't proceed with his black enterprise, as one old deacon put it."

"No show that had the devil as a business manager could open its doors in the County of Westchester."

"The wizard declared that he had no deal with the devil, and that his show was as free from any bellish or malignant influence as a camp meeting. It was no use. The leading citizens who had visited him were firm. He could not proceed."

"Well now, see here," said the necromancer, at last, when argument on each side had exhausted itself, 'when it comes to this, I'm going to give my show. At 8 o'clock this evening I'll proceed to the town hall, the rent of which I've paid in advance. I'll throw open the doors, take in what money is offered, and I'll perform my little tricks. That's the least of it, gentlemen, and you may do your worst."

"Very well," said the old deacon, who was spokesman, "you attempt the first Satan-inspired thing, and we'll arrest you. There's the constables standing out there now, and they're prepared to do their duty. The devil shall never gain a foothold in Westchester if we can head him off."

"The wizard ate his supper, lighted a cigar, came out of the tavern and started for the town hall. It was about time to begin. As he came out, the leading citizens and the constables were waiting for him on the tavern porch."

"As the wizard started for the town hall the others fell in behind. It was clear the wizard thought there was a good sized bluff in the pose of the leading citizens. It was also his opinion that if he stoutly called it, all opposition to his show would fade away. In this spirit he set out for the scene of his coming exhibition."

"But just before he arrived at the town hall the old deacon gave the word to the constables and they approached him with the very apparent purpose of giving him the collar. It was then, when he realized that they really meant business, that he, in escaping their clutch, performed the greatest feat I ever heard of, in or out of a theatre."

"As he observed the constables quicken their pace toward him the wizard quickly drew from his pocket what seemed to be a ball of yellow tape. Holding one end in his hand he deftly threw the ball high in the air. The tape appeared to unwind; the ball never came down; apparently it fastened to something in the heavens above."

"This crisis the wizard seized the tape as it hung thus suspended and proceeded to shin up the same. He climbed the tape with the agility of an ape, taking his end of the tape up with him. Before a hand could be laid upon him the wizard was fifty feet in the air, and, like Alexander Selkirk in the poem, 'was out of humanity's reach.' Some there were who, while he thus dangled above the heads of the multitude, wanted to shoot the wizard. But calm counsel prevailed, and all interrupted he drifted off into space. In five minutes, what with the speed he made as well as the gathering darkness, that wizard was out of sight. I never saw him again."

"And yet," concluded Mr. Murphy, "while you cannot fail to regard what I've told you as more than merely bordering on the marvellous—and every word of it is true—the really wonderful part remains to be related."

"What is it?" gasped Mr. Follansbee, and his ears fairly moved with the eager intensity of his paying heed."

"That wizard climbed his tape and floated away," went on Mr. Murphy, with slow impressiveness, "at exactly fifteen minutes to eight. And yet I read a few days later in the New York papers how at 9:35 o'clock that same night he gave an exhibition of magic at Albany, over one hundred miles away."

A. H. L.



The Smuggled Perfecto.



Viva l'Espagna!



Out of Sight.

Old Chappie Tied Her Shoe.

OF course he ought not to have done it. Nobody will dispute that. But then he is so jolly and good looking and so full of animal spirits in spite of his many years and his white mustache, that somehow we weren't a bit astonished when he did do it.

And then there was the unfrequented road and the lengthening shadows, and nobody in sight, and a dainty shoe with a dangling string—I am casting no stones.

Still he ought not to have done it. At least he ought not to have done it just as his wife hove in sight, and caught him at it.

That is the way Newport looks at it; and the way Newport regards a thing is the right way without doubt.

The wife, dressed in countenance came about in this way. He was strolling along a path that is seldom used, when he encountered a maiden, coy and unsophisticated.

He was paternal. She was filial. Both were platonic.

After that they met several times by accident, and then papa suddenly discovered that his family coach was too heavy to be driven over the small hills of the ocean drive. He confided this opinion to his coachman and suggested that thereafter when mamma took her airing, the carriage ride should be confined to the level.

The coachman valued his place and obeyed his master as far as he was able.

The time came, however, when he could not keep on the level. Mamma would go to the Golf Club one day last week. When she was ready to return to her cottage it was later than she had thought. She was in a hurry. She ordered the coachman to take the shortest cut for home and take it quick.

The shortest cut was over the hills, and, as luck would have it, mamma came over the crest of one of those little elevations just as papa was on his somewhat rheumatic knees gallantly trying with infinite pains Miss Plato's shoe-string.

There was a scene, for mamma can show her temper on occasion, and now the other old chappies sit about the corners of the Newport reading room and chew the joyous end of their companion's discomfort.

As for the younger set, the pleasure flock, they simply cock up their headless chins and remark:

"Oh, well, boys will be boys!"

One of the most agreeable sights of Newport is the spectacle of George Work driving tandem down Bellevue avenue.

It looks a bit odd to see "Hard-Faced George," as his old cronies of the pigeon traps used to call him, playing the duds so circumspectly, but I suppose that grassing birds and riding steepclimbases and breeding dogs tend to monotony like everything else in life.

George handles his tandem excellently, and his style is much admired in the City-by-the-Sea, but I have seen him drive a nighthawk's cab up Sixth avenue with far more spirit and dash.

That, however, is another story.

Foxle Keene's gasoline tricycle is the most diabolical machine that was ever invented.

It fairly belches smoke, and when its owner drives like mad along the outlying roads it looks for all the world as though he had got astride of a runaway steam engine.

Nor is this the worst of it. You can smell the thing a quarter of a mile to the rear of it, and there is nothing suggestive of a rose garden about the odor, either.

Speed is all very well, but I'd rather go slow than to have speed with an infernal machine that—well, that makes one think of the sweet smelling spices of Amby by way of antithesis.

There is in the first flight of the Four-Hundred a man and wife, who were respectively man and wife before they married each other.

Each had a child by the first marriage, and they have a child by their mutual marriage.

The other day when Monsieur was preparing his morning toilet, he heard an awful racket and inquired of his spouse: "Hey! What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, dear," was the reply, "Only your child and my child are quarrelling, and our child is crying!"

Newport thinks that this is deucedly clever, don't-cher-know!

More than three hundred people attended Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont's musicale at Belmont last night.

The programme was elaborate and included selections by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, imported for the occasion, and an organ recital by Mr. and Mrs. Belmont's own organist.

Another agreeable feature of the entertainment was the singing of Miss Lydia Eastman, niece of the recent Ambassador to France.

Chauncey De Peach De Pew has blossomed out into Newport's star entertainer. He gave a dinner last night and will give another to-night.

Gooseberry Island was the scene of an elaborate feast given by James J. Van Alen (one) last night, while Miss Felt entertained aboard her steam yacht May, and Mrs. Fred Nielson gave a dinner with musical accompaniment by the Neapolitan Quartet.

Less pretensions dinners were given in the Casino grill room by Mrs. Charles Russell Hone, Mrs. C. H. McKinstry, Mrs. C. W. Yale, Franklin A. Plumer and J. S. Tooker.

To-day Newport's appetite will be further appeased by dinners at the cottages of Mr. Van Alen, Mrs. "Tony" Drexel and Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes, while Mrs. Elissa Dyer, Jr., will give a young peoples' dance in honor of her daughter.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

A TELLING ARGUMENT.

"The two best men I ever knew"—began the monologue.

"Excuse me," interrupted the precise man, "but you ought not to say that."

"I hadn't got started yet. How did you know what I was going to say?"

"I was referring to your English. 'Best' is superlative, you know. There can't be more than one 'best.'"

"Humph! That shows how much you have read."

"There is nothing to prove the contrary."

"Yes, there is. Take any newspaper and read the bicycle advertisements."—Washington Star.

A Probability.

It may be, though, that Uncle Russell Sage is stiffening on the market prospectus to getting another of those \$645 suits.

THE LANDLORD'S RUSE.

"What ever induced the Gaskiers to go to that wretched mountain resort again? They said when they got back last year that they would not return there even if their board were offered to them for nothing."

"Oh, then, don't haven't heard? Why, the landlord wrote to Mr. Gaskley that he had secured an impoverished foreign nobleman to act as waiter. The old man didn't intend to say anything about it to his wife and daughter, but Mrs. Gaskley found the letter in his pocket, so they packed up and started the next day."—Cleveland Leader.

What He Objected To.

[Washington Post.]